THE Soules immortall crowne consisting of seauen glorious graces.

1. Vertue. 2. Wisedome. 3. Loue. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie. 7. Infinitenes.

DEVIDED INTO SEAVEN dayes Workes.

AND

Dedicated to the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

AT LONDON
Printed by H. Lownes, and are to be sold by I. C. and F. B.
1605.

THE

Scale of immortall creatures.

Setting of Iewels vpon

Graces.

Vertue. 2. Wisedome. 3. Loue.
4. Constancie. 5. Prudence. 6. Hu-
militie. 7. Infinitenes.

DEVIDED INTO SEAVEN

Seuerall Parts.

AND

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1605.

TO THE HIGH and mighty Prince, IAMES by the grace of God, King of great Brittaine, France and Ireland, defendour of the faith, &c.

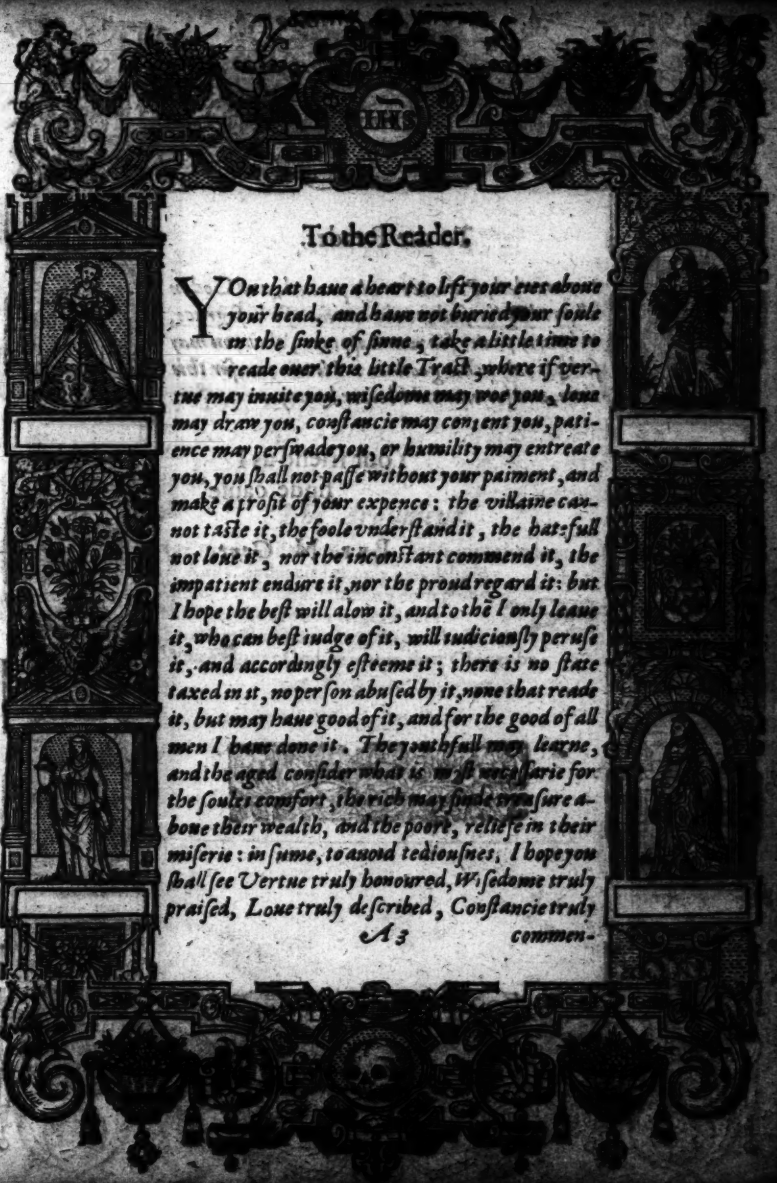
TO whom ſhall I dedicate the praiſe of Vertue, but to him who Vertue praiſeth, which in your Maieſtie being made good, to the eies of thoſe vnderſtanding ſpirits, that can iudge of the heauenly notes of heroicall natures (I hope) hauing Truth for my warrant, to eſcape the ſcandall of fawning Eloquence: vouchſafe therefore my gratious Soueraigne, in this plaine Poem, to peruſe the labour of my hearts loue, which with the ſeruice of true loyaltie, I humbly lay at the feet of your Royall Maieſtie, beſeeching the vertue of all grace, & grace of all vertue, ſo to bleſſe you with his infi-

 nite

nite blessings, that as vertue vnder heauē putteth her praise vnder your Patronage, so the Patrone of all vertue will so Royallize your praise in the Heauens, that to your gratious Crowne on earth, you may receiue a Crowne of Eternall glory.

Your Maiesties most
humble and loyall in
all seruice,

Ber N. Gent.



To the Reader.

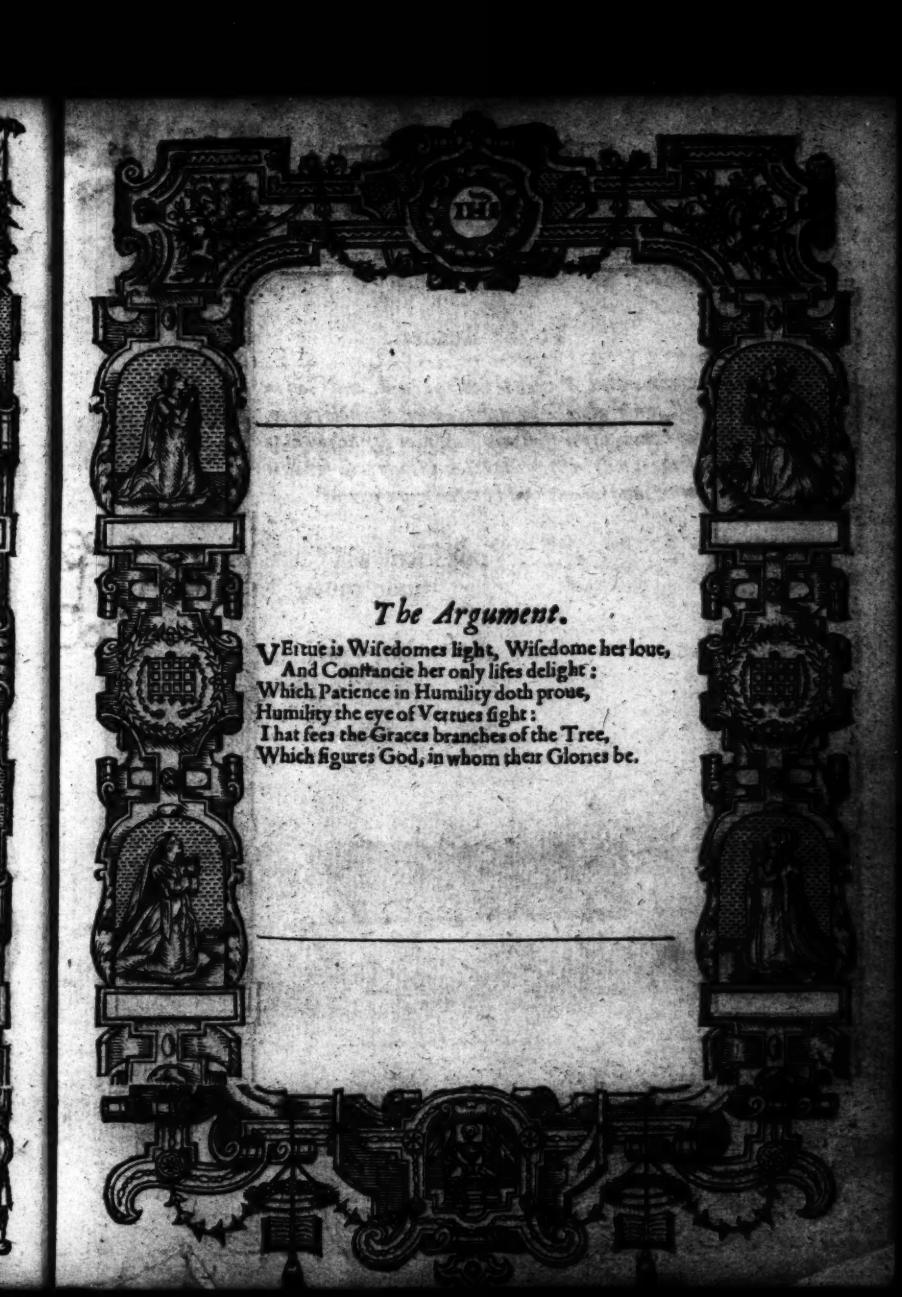
YOu that haue a heart to lift your eies aboue your head, and haue not buried your soule in the sinke of sinne, take a little time to reade ouer this little Tract, where if vertue may inuite you, wisedome may woe you, loue may draw you, constancie may content you, patience may perswade you, or humility may entreate you, you shall not passe without your paiment, and make a profit of your expence: the villaine cannot taste it, the foole vnderstand it, the hatefull not loue it, nor the inconstant commend it, the impatient endure it, nor the proud regard it: but I hope the best will alow it, and to the I only leaue it, who can best iudge of it, will iudicionsly peruse it, and accordingly esteeme it; there is no state taxed in it, no person abused by it, none that reade it, but may haue good of it, and for the good of all men I haue done it. The youthfull may learne, and the aged consider what is most necessarie for the soules comfort, the rich may finde treasure aboue their wealth, and the poore, relese in their miserie: in sume, to auoid tedionsnes, I hope you shall see Vertue truly honoured, Wisedome truly praised, Loue truly described, Constancie truly

To the Reader.

commended, Patience truly proued, and God in all, truly glorified: to the tuition of whose grace, in hearty praier for your happines, that you may seeke it only in his goodnes: I leaue you for this time, and for euer till I better know you.

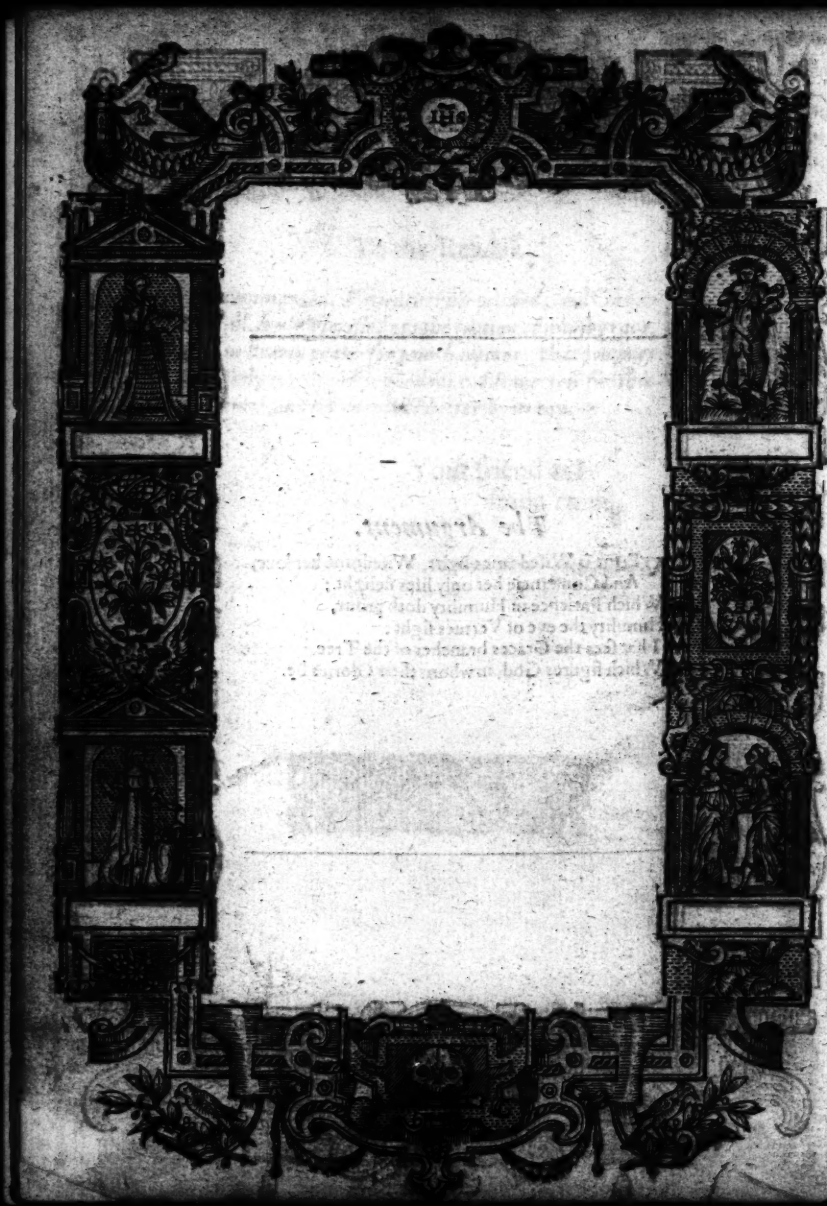
Your friend as I
finde cause,

BEL. N. *Gent.*



The Argument.

VErtue is Wiſedomes light, Wiſedome her loue,
And Conſtancie her only lifes delight:
Which Patience in Humility doth proue,
Humility the eye of Vertues ſight:
That ſees the Graces branches of the Tree,
Which figures God, in whom their Glories be.



A POEM VPON the praise of vertue.

(* *)

The first dayes worke.

OH my deere *Muse*, that neuer could'st endure
The wicked courses of a wretched minde:
Nor, euer learn'st by cunning to procure
The hatefull comforts of a bellish kinde:
But, euer hast the loue of vertue neere thee,
Speak in her praise, that all the world may heare thee.

Goe, tell the greatest Monarch (where thou goest)
She is a Queene to sit his Maiestie:
And, tell the wisest Counsellour thou knowest,
By her, his wit hath greatest dignitie:
And, tell the fairest, vnder fairest grace,
Foule is her faire, except she blush her face.

Tell the Diuine, she giues a glorious light,
Vnto the truth of the eternall word:
Tell Valour, she makes but a bloody fight:
Except she guide the hand, that holds the sword:
Tell all the Artes, their studies are but idle,
If she (the) hold the senses in a bridle.

The first daies worke.

Tell Honour that her Title's but a tittle,
Except she build the steps of her estate:
Tell Riches, all her Greatnes is but little,
Except she hold her Reckonings at a rate:
Tell Loue, alas, his treasure's but a toy,
Except she be the substance of the loy.

Goe, tell the world more then the world can tell,
All is as nought, where she's not all in all:
Tell Excellence, she neuer doth excell,
But, when her Grace doth to her Glory fall:
Tell Truth her selfe, that in her trumpe of Fame,
Her highest Note is only in her name.

Oh, were she seene within the sacred sence
Of her high fauour alwaies with the highest;
Where Angels Grace, and Graces excellence,
Keepe her deere Loue vnto themselues the nighest:
Then would the world all humbly fall before her,
And, next to God, in harts and soules adore her.

Oh, could a King but note her Queene-like Nature,
What Maiestie is in an humble minde:
How, on the earth she makes a heauenly Creature,
In being louing, patient, true, and kinde:
And, in her sweetnes, sweetly so perceiue her,
No King on earth would for his Kingdome leaue her.

And,

And, could a Queene behold her Glorious Grace,
How her true Loue doth truly louely make her:
And what a Sunne she sets vpon her face,
That makes the Godly for a Goddesse take her:
She would so truly and so dearely loue her,
That, no conceite should from her Court remoue her.

And did the graueſt wiſeſt Counſellour,
But ſound the depth of her diuine conceite,
Where perfect Truth is Reasons Paramour:
When Wiſedomes care doth cut off all deceite:
While ſacred Iudgement in true Iuſtice ſits,
Her will ſhould be the Rule of all their Wits.

And, could the neateſt Courtier once behold
How comly ſhe is with a little coſt:
How farre ſhe is from euery pleating fold,
Where, fond expences are in folly loſt:
They all would leaue their Antike Louers deſire,
And, take their patternes from her plaine attire.

And, did the faireſt Nimph, or Nobleſt Maide
Behold her Beauty in her glorious Brightnes,
Pure in it ſelfe, vnſpotted, not beraide:
Nor, idely caried with a looke of Lightnes:
They would ſo farre her excellence preferre,
As, all would leaue themſelues to follow her.

And, did the most experient't Officer,
But note her carisge, in her seruice care:
Where Conscience is the true examiner
Of all the thoughts, where Hotions courses are:
While gracious spirits dwell in earthly Natures,
The Court would be a place of heauenly Creatures.

Did the Diuine see her Diuinitie:
And, what a spouse vnto the soule she is,
Who, with the world hath no affinitie:
But, in the heauens hath her eternall blisse.
He would his life, vnto her loue refeire;
And, leaue the world, for only Loue of her.

And, did the Lawyer looke into her lawes:
Where Truth and Loue doe trie the case of life;
And wicked Craft can neuer make a clause,
To feed Ambition with the fruite of strife:
But, euery plea, in pitties conscience proues;
All Law should onely liue, but in her loue.

And, did the Souldiour, in the points of Warre,
See how she sets the honour of the fighe:
How from offences, she doth keepe a farre,
Yet, in the quarrell, doth maintaine the right:
And, saues the lyues, but doe to Mercy yeeld;
She should be high Commander of the field.

She is not lock't vp in the Misers Chest,
Nor, lapt vp in the lines of lewd conceite:
Her life is more in liberty then blest,
Then, shall the wills of wicked men to waite
No, no, it is too much against her nature,
To haue to doe with any wicked creature.

When she alone doth in her Closet sit,
Heauen open her the windowes of their light:
And Wisedome viper'd doth distaine her wit,
While holy Grace, doth guide her staine sight:
Sainct-taught, her lookes her penners of Angels wings,
While, to the Glory of her God she sings.

Her Paper is spirit, vnfouled hart,
Where thoughts are words, wits true lines of loue:
Where Patience soules as sorrowes inward smart,
While ruthfull patience doe Repentance proue:
And, Truth records that Gratious eyes may reade,
How soules are heal'd while sinfull harts doe bleede.

There, all the Angels, in their rarest attend
To doe their seruice, in their purest fence:
While, Wit and Reason, doe their Natures bend
Vnto the life of Loues obedience:
And gathering so all graces thoughts together;
She weares the Garland, that crownes euerlasting.

The first daies worke.

There, doth she put the Poets to their pensions,
Whose Wits are worne with too much worldly study,
And cannot reach the height of heauens Inuentions:
But, plod in pooles where plashes are too muddy,
And takes a Muse for Gracious Pleasures play,
To set her Musique in a heauenly Key.

There, doth she sing, how sweet a thing it is,
To see the heauens all blessed thoughts embrace:
How Beauty sees the highest of her Blisse,
But in the feature of an Angels face:
While, Time and Truth doe in their triall proue,
There is no life but in the eternall Loue.

The fading pleasures of Affections play,
The partiall working of imperfect will:
The feeble state of fickle fancies stay,
The careleſſe compaſſe of vnkindly skill:
The curſed humour of Inconſtancie,
These hatefull humours she doth all deſie.

No, where she loues, it tends but with her life,
And whē she speakes, her Iudgements shewes her wit:
And, when she writes, her Concords know no strife,
What choise conceite shall chiefe in honour sit:
But speake, and write, and looke, and like, and loue,
All haue their blessings in the heauens aboue.

The firſt daies worke.

She giues the King a high Supremacie,
And, to his Queene a Gratious Maieſtie:
And, to his Court ſhe giues a Decencie,
And to his State ſhe giues an Vnitie:
And, to the Rich a ſuperfluity,
And, to the poore a bountious charity.

She giues the Scholler, Vnderſtanding ſenſe,
And, to the Souldiour, Reſolution:
And, to the Iudge an vpright Conſcience,
And the Repentant, Abſolution:
The Trades-man, care, to keepe his family,
The Labourer, patience, and Humility.

She leades a King into his Cabinet,
And, ſhewes him there the burthen of his Crowne,
Before his eyes ſhe doth his Kingdome ſet,
And to his God his duty doth ſet downe:
She ſhewes him there the fall of idle pride,
And, how his perſon doth in ſafety bide.

She ſhewes him there the honour of her loue,
The ground of Grace in the eternall good:
She ſhewes the bleſſing of the ſoules behoue,
Vpon the breeding of a Royall brood:
And, that Religion is the Rule of Graces,
That keepes the kingdome in a happy caſe.

She

She shewes him there, the benefit of peace,
The hurt of Warre, the hate of Tyrannie:
The Ioy of Loue; the happinesse encrease:
Where Wisedomes cares are Honours companie:
And, sound aduise in sacred veritie,
Maintaines a Monarch in his Maiestie.

She shewes him there, how flattery folly feedes,
While Reason sees the ruine of selfe-will;
She shewes the difference, twixt the herbs & weedes,
Wicked illusion, and discretions skill;
She shewes him all, that she thinks fit to show him,
To strength his State, that nothing ouerthrow him.

She shewes him there the sweet contentiue life
Is not still carried in varieties;
Nor faithfull Care doth feare the fatall knife,
That, is not subiect to Impieties:
But, he alone, is all, and onely Blest,
Who, all in Mercy, hath his spirits Rest.

She makes him see, that he could neuer see,
But, through her sight, the brightnes of all Seeing:
She makes him be, that he could neuer be,
But, in the blessing of her blessed Being:
Thus, all in summe, she makes him see, and be
That without her, he could not be, nor see.

She gaines him all his Greatnes in her Grace,
His Countries loue, the honour of his Court:
She keepes him safely in his kingly place,
And, to the world she doth his fame report:
And, when frō earth Death must his Crowne diuerce,
She makes him raigne a King in heauen for euer.

She takes a Queene vnto her selfe a-side,
And, shewes her all the Glory of her Grace:
How, she alone doth make the blessed Bride,
And, how she keepes her in her highest place:
She makes the King in glorious Robes attire her,
And, all the Court, loue, honour, and admire her.

Then doth she bring her humbly on her knees,
And, sets before her the faire booke of Blisse,
Bids her there finde that she can neuer leese,
The care of life, where euery comfort is:
Whes lifting vp her heart with humble eie,
She sees a Beauty brighter then the skie.

There she beholds in Mercies Maiestie,
Her Sauiour sitting in a Glorious Throne:
Where, in the Essence of Eternitie,
He rules all powers as himselfe, alone:
When, seeing her thus humbly fall before him,
He blesseth her that doth so much adore him.

Then, doth she see the Angels exercise,
Who, with the Saints and Virgins sit and sing:
While humble Spirits make their Sacrifice,
Vnto the Glory of their Gracious King:
While, all the Hoast of all the heauen reioyces,
To heare the Musique of the heauenly voyces.

Then, doth she see the Consort of the Quires,
Where euery Note doth keepe his Time and Tune:
The ditty only speaking of Desire,
Where, Loue doth only vnto Mercy clime:
Where euery Close doth in such comfort meete,
That all the Heauens are rauisht with the sweete.

She takes the Virgine to her Morning taske,
And sets her downe a forme of faithfull praier:
But, couers not her Beauty with a Maske,
When she hath made her truly heauenly faire:
But, brings her forth with such a Blessed Grace,
As, makes him happy that may see her face.

She shewes her in a Glasse of Beauties Truth,
How, Art doth Nature soo much iniuries:
That feebled Aye in forced tricks of Youth,
In true Conceite is Reasons Mockerie:
The idle thoughts that spoile the inward eies,
Where Loue should lie, but in dishonour dies.

She

She shewes her there the Maiden-bluſh complexion,
Betwixt the cherrie Red, and fowle White:
And, readies her there the precepts of perfection,
Within the circle of *Diuine* light:
She shewes her all the Tides of deſire,
And, that true honour liues but in the hart.

She neuer taught the Eye to loue nor louers,
Tongue, idle talke: nor minde, vngratious thoughts:
She neuer ſet a countenance ſtarke and ſowre,
Nor, fetch't a ſigh vpon a thing of naught:
But, ſhewes her Iudgement of ſo iuſt a Meaſure,
As, proues her Wiſedome worth a world of Treaſure.

She ſhewes her there, how Enuie like a Flea,
Can skip about a skittiſh humour'd hart:
And, how that ſorrow like the Ocean Sea,
Can drowne the ſpirit in a deadly ſmart:
While, Melancholy doth oppreſſe the Minde,
Where better humours haue no place to finde.

Then, doth ſhe take the Counſailour alone,
And, ſhewes him all the ſecrets of his hart,
Bids him behold the Mournfull Widowes moane,
The Orphanes teares, the grieued Suitors ſmart:
Loue, feare, and ſeruice, firſt Gods, and then his King,
And, doe nowoorke that may his Conſcience wring.

She tells him then, the heau'nly Consistorie
Doth only sit vpon the spirits good:
Where, in the sight of sacred Wisdomes eie,
Cannot a clawse amisse be vnderstood:
While, Truth it selfe, that pleads the poore mans cause,
From Mercies Iustice hath impartiall Grace.

Then, doth she take aside the Courtier,
And, shewes him all the haines of idlenes;
That, fancie is but follies Treasurer,
While Wit is the all vnprouidfulnes:
While Pride presuming on deceiuing Hope,
Griefe doth the Gate, but to Repentance ope.

She tells him there she neuer taught the eye
To feede the spirit with an idle Gaze:
She neuer taught the tongue to walke awrie,
Nor, brought the minde into a wilfull Maze:
She neuer taught the fashion, nor the cost,
Where, Wisedome sees time, and repents but lost.

She neuer teacheth to play fast and loose,
Nor, iuggle with a false conceiued Ioy:
Nor, let the Foxe be taken by a Goose,
Nor, euer told a pleasure for a toy:
She neuer taught him to misspend his time,
Nor higher state then his defert to climbe.

She

She neuer taught him how to crouch, nor creepe,
Nor scorne, nor scoffe, nor hang the head a side;
Nor sigh, nor sob, nor wipe the eyes, and weepe,
Nor hatefull thoughts in louing lookes to hide:
No, no, she is of's more beautie Nature,
Then, with such by-wit to abuse a Creature.

Then, doth she call for euery Officer,
And bids him strictly looke into his Oath,
That, Conscience may be true deliuerer
Of an vnsported, simple faith, and troth:
That seruice loue by duties care discharged,
In Honours eye make due Reward enlarged.

Then, doth she take account of his accounts,
How, all the summes doe with the parcels greet:
And, how much cunning Conscience surmounts,
And, what in fine, the finall summe will be:
And, tells him that a counting day will come,
When he shall make account for all and some.

Thus, when she hath the Courtiers all reade ouer,
She calls the Lawyer to a conference eare,
And, tells him, Truth is Learnings only Louer,
Who, neuer puts the poore Man out of place:
But, holds the hand of Iustice euer by his eare,
As if the Ballance had no Beame in Heauen.

She neuer takes a Bribe to make a Motion,
Nor, ſoothes a Client in a falſe Concerne;
She neuer ſeekes an vndeſeru'd promotion,
Nor ſells her Beauty vnto the poore by weight;
No, ſhe is true, and iuſt, and wiſe, and kinde,
And, as ſhe thinkes, will euer ſpeake her minde.

Then doth ſhe take the Souldiour in his Tent,
And ſhewes him there the hideous ſight of blood:
That, Mercy euer with true valour went,
To ſpoile the wicked, but to ſpare the good:
That, Conqueſt neuer is in true perfection,
But, when a Man can Maiſter his Affection.

She teacheth not a wicked Stratagem,
Nor, how for Coine to buy and ſell a Towne:
Nor to vſurpe a princely Diadem,
Nor raiſe the vile, nor put the vertuous downe:
No, when ſhe once begins to leaue Armes,
The good haue Grace, the only wicked harmes.

She neuer prai'd vpon the poore Mans purſe,
Nor tyranniz'd vpon the Priſoner:
She neuer reap't the Mournfull Widowes Curſe,
Nor of an Infant was a Murtherer:
She neuer was by Sea nor Land a Thiefe,
But had Compaſſion on the poore Mans griefe.

Thus

The first daies worke.

Thus hauing shew'd the Soulldiour what she knowes,
Becomes the carriage of a Noble Minde:
She calls the Merchant, and to him she shewes,
That, Conscience care is of a heauenly kinde:
While no corruption can the soule infect,
That to the spirit hath a due respect.

She shewes him there, there is no ware, but weight,
But the all-Seeing-Eye in secret Key,
And, that no cunning can excuse deceite,
Which gaining drosse, doth better siluer lose:
She tells him plaine it is ill getting gaine,
For fading pleasure gets eternall paine.

She tells him, that the aduenture on the Sea,
Is not all bleft to enrich the couetous,
Nor to maintaine the Epicures lasciuious,
The proud, the bad, nor the vnruly:
But, to prouide for needie, and to relieue
The needy hart, whom griping want doth grieue.

In some she shewes him that the spirits wealth,
Is free from all vnconscionable ill:
And, howsoeuer, Wit doth worke by stealth,
There is no Wile done but the Gratious will:
Where carefull Loue, where Comfort neuer wasteth,
Laies vp the Treasure that for euer lasteth.

Then,

Then, doth ſhe call on euery Trade and Art,
And, ſtill cries out, haue care of Conſcience,
Bids euery eye, looke well into the hart,
And, not be caried with a wicked ſence:
For, in the day of the eternall Doome,
Plainenes in heauen will haue a princely Roome.

What, though ſometime her habite be but poore,
Her lodging hard, her diet ſpare and thinne:
She ſtand diſgraced at the rich mans doore,
And fall without, while other feaſt within:
Yet, is ſhe better with her Croſſe contented,
Then, ſport with ſinnes, to haue her ſoule tormented.

And, though ſometime ſhe ſit and hold her peace,
While, idle heads doe vſe their tongues at large:
And, grieue to ſee true Learnings worth decreaſe,
When that a Dunce doth take a Doctors charge;
Yet, may the world in all her courſes know,
'Tis not her will, God knowes it ſhall be ſo.

And, though ſometime ſhe be in fetters tied,
While wicked ſpirits walke at liberty,
And, be enforc'd her faireſt thoughts to hide,
While hatefull thoughts are had in Dignitie:
Yet hath ſhe patience to endure her croſſes,
While heau'nly gaine doth counteruaile her loſſes.

Oh,

The firſt daies worke.

Oh, could the world diſcerne her worthines,
In all true honour, in all honours truth:
How ſhe doth only giue a happines
Vnto the graueſt Age, and greeneſt Youth:
Euen from the King, vnto the pooreſt Creature,
She would be honour'd in a heau'nly Nature.

But, let the world eſteeme her as it will,
She ſhall be worth more then the world is worth;
And, when the world ſhall bluſh to ſee her ill,
Then ſhall ſhe bring her heauenly Beauty forth:
And make them all confeſſe vnto their faces,
Her Glory puts them all vnto diſgraces.

She neuer ſpeakes but Truth, nor doth but well,
Her thoughts all pure, and grounded on perfection:
She doth among the holy Muſes dwell,
And guides the Graces, all by her direction:
She is the Bodies Grace, the ſpirits Queene,
In whom all Graces haue their Glory ſeene.

Oh, that I could deſcribe her in her height,
As God and her good Grace might giue me leaue:
How all the Saints, and all the Angels waite,
But on her will, and from the ſame receiue
The higheſt ſubſtance of their heau'nly Bliſſe,
In whom alone all heau'nly Bleſſings is.

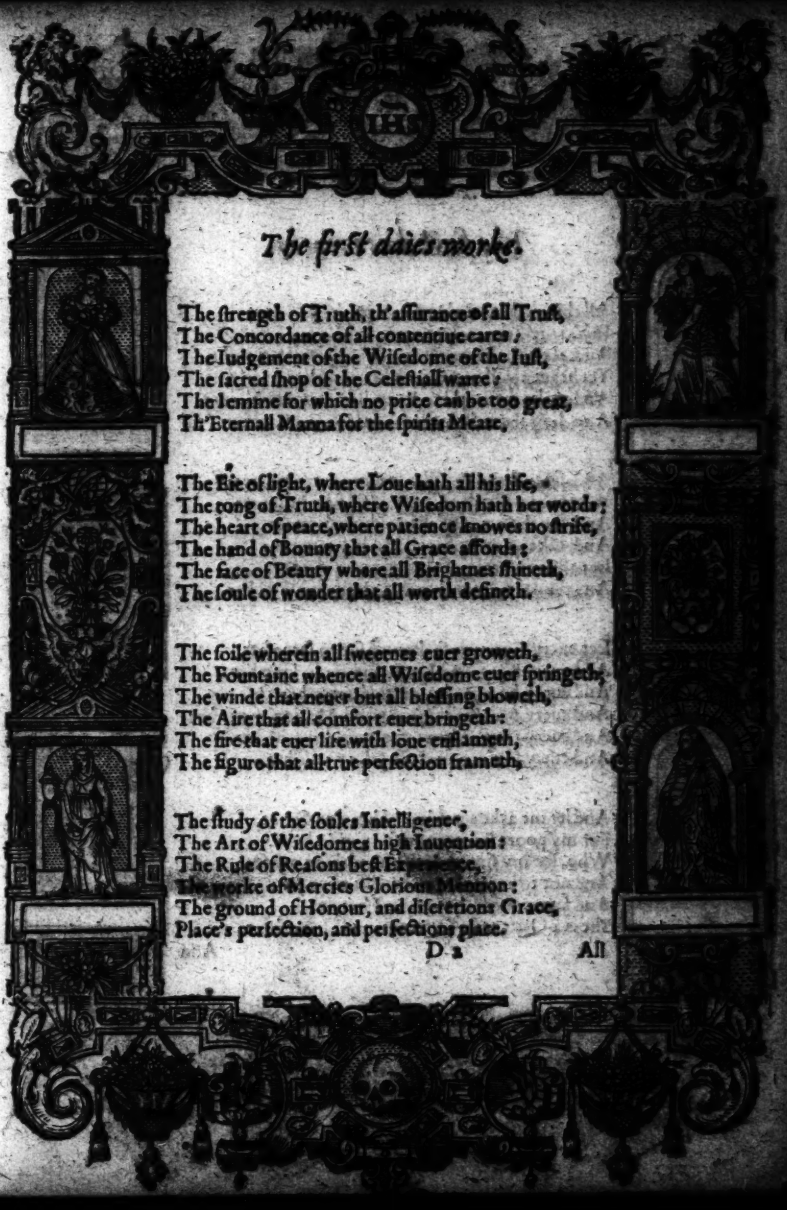
Then ſhould the world be all aſham'd to ſee,
How baſely they her glorious Grace regarded:
And grieue in ſoules to thinke that euer ſhe
Should for her ſeruice be ſo ill rewarded:
That few or none, wiſe, fond, nor rich, nor poore,
But ready are to thruſt her out of doore.

Then ſhould the Courts of Princes flock vnto her,
And Lords and Ladies ſue to her for Grace:
And happy ſoules that beſt can ſeruice dot her,
And ſeeke their life but in her louely face:
And then her Grace, ſuch ſhould a Glory beare,
That there ſhould be no world but where ſhe were.

But ſince her worth is to the world vnknowne,
And only Heauen doth her deere Loue embrace:
Her worth is more then can in words be ſhowne,
While Grace it ſelfe can only ſhew her Grace:
Let me but leaue her in all Admiration,
To Virgins, Saints, and Angels Adoration.

And let me ſay but what in ſoule I finde,
She is the Eſſence of all Excellence:
The Eie, the Heart, the Body, and the Minde,
Where holy Rules haue all their Reſidence:
Of all good Motions the firſt only Mouer,
The proofe of loue, and of Loues proofe the Louer.

The



The first daies worke.

The ſtreaght of Truth, th'aſſurance of all Truſt,
The Concordance of all contentiue earts:
The Iudgement of the Wiſedome of the Iuſt,
The ſacred ſhop of the Celeſtiall warre:
The Iemme for which no price can be too great,
Th'Eternall Manna for the ſpirits Meate.

The Eie of light, where Loue hath all his life,
The tong of Truth, where Wiſedom hath her words:
The heart of peace, where patience knowes no ſtrife,
The hand of Bounty that all Grace affords:
The face of Beauty where all Brightnes ſhineth,
The ſoule of wonder that all worth defineth.

The ſoile wherein all ſweetnes euer groweth,
The Fountaine whence all Wiſedome euer ſpringeth,
The winde that neuer but all bleſſing bloweth,
The Aire that all comfort euer bringeth:
The fire that euer life with loue enflameth,
The figure that all true perfection frameth.

The ſtudy of the ſoules Intelligence,
The Art of Wiſedomes high Inuention:
The Rule of Reaſons beſt Experience,
The worke of Mercies Glorious Mention:
The ground of Honour, and diſcretions Grace,
Place's perfection, and perfections place.

The firſt daies worke.

All this, and more then I can ſpeake or write,
In Vertue liues, and to her loue belongs:
And, though the world doe barre her of her right,
Yet heauen will one day right her of her wrong.
And make the world to know her gratious Nature,
And, how ſhe only makes the Glorious Creature.

And, ſince that day will one day come vnwares,
When ſhe will call a Court of all her Treaſures,
And, ſee the fruite of all her ſeruants wares,
And, take an order for all Miſdemeanures:
Let all the world be fearefull to offend her,
And thinke them happy that can beſt attend her.

Let euery Creature ſeeke and ſue to ſerue her,
And euery King, and Lord, and Lady loue her:
And euery heart endeuour to deſerue her,
And euery Minde for ſome good Motion moue her:
And euery tongue in true perfection praiſe her,
And euery ſoule to endleſſe Glory raiſe her.

And let me aske a pardon of heau'ns Grace,
For my poore ſpirits mounting vp ſo high:
Who, for my ſinnes doth bid me hide my face,
And not to heau'n to dare to lift mine eie:
And ſay no more, but end as I begun,
She is a Queene of Queenes, and I haue done.

And ſince that Vertue neuer can be ſeene,
But by the Eie of Wiſedomes ſacred ſence:
Where ſhe beholds her as the Bleſſed Queene,
That weares the Crowne of Reaſons excellence:
Let me beſeech the Heauens my ſoule to Raiſe,
To ſpeake of Wiſedome in her worthy praiſe.

And, though I know, and cannot but confeſſe
My thoughts vnable to aſpire ſo high,
And euery way, but all vnworthineſſe
In me, to write of ſuch a Miſterie:
Yet let my heart a little tell my Minde,
What wonder worth, in Wiſedomes works I finde.

Gloria in excelſis Deo.

Vpon the praiſe of Wiſe-dome.

The ſecond daies worke.

(***)

FRom the vaine humours of vnſeaſon'd Wit,
Whoſe heedleſſe wil breeds nothing els but woe:
Among the ſeates where ſacred ſpirits ſit,
The holy pleaſures of the heauens to know:
My humble Muſe learne what perfection ſaies,
In Glorious Wiſedomes neuer ending praiſe.

She is the ſpirit of the higheſt power,
The Eſſence of all purenes Excellence:
The compaſſe of the euerlaſting bower,
The Vertue of all purenes Quinteſſence:
The knowledge that all knowledge only gineth,
And only life, in which, life only liueth.

She ſits in counſaile with the Trinitie,
And is th'Almighties ſecret Secretarie:
She keepes the Graces in an Vnitie,
And doth the charge of all their ſeruice carie:
Before Creation ſhe did make Election,
And for the Action ſhe did giue direction.

She

The ſecond dayes worke.

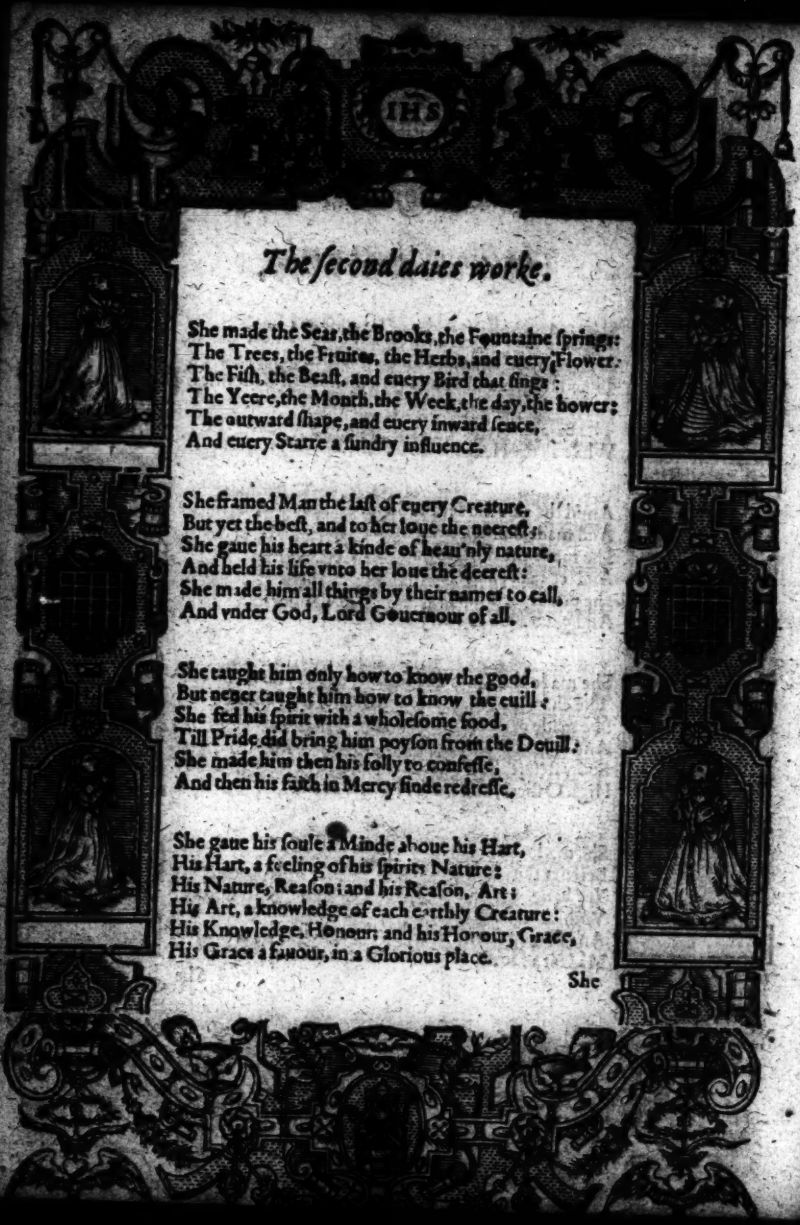
She calls the Angels each one by their names,
And ſets the Saints and Martirs in their places:
Their Himnes and Songs vnto their Lord ſhe frames,
And to their Muſique giues eſpeciall Graces;
The Seraphins ſhe makes to clap their wings,
While all the Heauens their Halelujah ſings.

Amid the skie ſhe ſet the Sunne and Moone,
And made diuiſion twixt the day and night:
She made the morning and the after noone,
And ſet each planet in his place aright:
She prickt the Starres vpon the Firmament,
And gaue a life to euery Element.

She made the times and ſeaſons of the yeare,
The change of Natures, and the notes of choiſe:
She made perfection euery way appeare,
And in her labours made her Loue reioyce:
So by deſert the highеſt did her call
High Officer, and worke Miſtris of all.

She made the Earth in compaſſe like a Ball,
Betwixt the water and the skie depending:
Yet hangs ſo faſt, that it can neuer fall,
Vntill all earthly things muſt haue an ending:
And hauing fram'd it as ſhe thought it meeteſt,
Made it a footſtoole for her Maſters feete.

She



The ſecond daies worke.

She made the Sea, the Brooks, the Fountaine ſprings:
The Trees, the Fruites, the Herbs, and euery Flower:
The Fiſh, the Beaſt, and euery Bird that ſings:
The Yeere, the Month, the Week, the day, the hower:
The outward ſhape, and euery inward ſence,
And euery Starre a ſundry influence.

She framed Man the laſt of euery Creature,
But yet the beſt, and to her loue the neereſt:
She gaue his heart a kinde of heau'nly nature,
And held his life vnto her loue the deereſt:
She made him all things by their names to call,
And vnder God, Lord Gouernour of all.

She taught him only how to know the good,
But neuer taught him how to know the euill:
She fed his ſpirit with a wholeſome food,
Till Pride did bring him poyſon from the Deuill:
She made him then his folly to confeſſe,
And then his faith in Mercy finde redreſſe.

She gaue his ſoule a Minde aboue his Hart,
His Hart, a feeling of his ſpirits Nature:
His Nature, Reaſon: and his Reaſon, Art:
His Art, a knowledge of each earthly Creature:
His Knowledge, Honour: and his Honour, Grace,
His Grace a fauour, in a Glorious place.

She

She read him all the Rules of Learning, Loue,
The Naturall, the Morall, and Diuine;
She shew'd the Blessing of the soules behoue,
That doth not wholy to the earth decline:
She shewes the way vnto eternall Blisse,
And, for the world, how base a thing it is.

Yet, when she made the world for her best Grace,
She sets a Course, and Rule for euery thing:
For Nature, Reason, Action, Time, and Place,
How best proportion might perfection bring,
And, how in all might all things so agree,
That in their Concords, might no discord be.

In scale, and feather, haire, and skinne, and hue,
In substance, sence, in colour, shape, and feature:
How they were first begot, and how they grew,
And how each one should differ in their Nature;
Yet, differing so, they might together liue,
That none might other hurt, or hinderance giue.

But vnto Man, she only gaue a minde,
To looke into the life of euery Nature:
And gaue them names, and vse them in their kinde,
And take commandement of each kind [illegible] ture:
And by her will to walke among them so,
That euery one should him their seruice owe.

The second daies worke.

She made each haire, each Artir, and each vaine,
The flesh, the bones, the sinnowes, and the skinne;
The heart, the lyter, the liuer, and the braine,
The outward Beauty, and the strength within:
And to his soule did giue that heau'nly Nature,
That made in all the admirable Creature.

She gaue him wings to mount aboue the winde;
And inward Eies to see aboue the Sunne:
And by her Rules did make his Reason finde,
How Sun, and Moone, & Starres their courses runne:
How Sea-Men by the pole their courses guide,
And by the Moone the turne of euery Tide.

She makes him finde the Planets operations,
Vpon the Bodies of the earth below:
She makes him by his spirits contemplations
Vpon the earth, things aboue Earth to know:
And to his knowledge doth that Vertue giue,
As learnes him only to his God to liue.

She makes a difference in the Minds of Men,
She crownes the Princes, and entituleth Honor;
She writes their Stories with a perfect pen,
And doth aduaunce them that doe tend vpon her:
She makes them Blest that doe in patience proue her,
And liue for euer that doe truly loue her.

She

The second daies worke.

She neuer was acquainted with Corruption,
Nor came within the Aire of all Infection:
Her purpose neuer had an Interruption,
Nor euer was she croſt in her direction:
But ſound and ſure she caries ſo her ſkill,
That in all good, there can be found no ill.

She is the faireſt of all Beauties Fame,
She is the ſweeteſt of all Reaſons ſence:
She is the Nobleſt of all Honours name,
She is the ſtrongeſt of all Loues defence:
She is the richeſt of all earthly Treaſure,
And pureſt ſubſtance of the Spirits pleaſure.

Oh, what can there be more? that ſhe ſhould be?
Or, how ſhould ſhe be more then that ſhe is?
That all may ſee, and more then all may ſee,
The bleſſed Being of all Being Bliſſe:
All Infinite, in all perfections waies,
And Infinite, in all perfections praiſe.

And, being then in goodnes all ſo Good,
As, being beſt, a better cannot be:
Which, in her ſelfe is only vnderſtood,
And in her ſelfe, her ſelfe can only ſee:
What life of Grace? but would in loue admire her,
Or Gratious loue could liue, and not deſire her?

The ſecond daies worke.

But ſince that loue is the true life indeede,
Of which ſhe is, by which ſhe only liueth:
From which ſhe hath her only happy ſpice,
To which ſhe oweth all the good ſhe giueth:
Let me the pureſt of my paſſion proue,
To ſee her Glory in the Grace of loue.

THE PRAISE OF Loue.

The third daies worke.

O Loue that liueſt in that only light,
Which giues all ſeeing to all gratious eies:
But keepeſt thy ſence frō that vngodly ſight,
That in the darknes of Illuſion dies:
Lighten my ſoule that it may cleerely ſee,
How thou in Wiſedome, Wiſedome liues in thee.

The Angels can in their Attonements tell,
How kindly thou do'ſt make them liue together:
And where the Saints and holy Martirs dwell,
The holy Muſes bring their Muſique thither;
And while the Hoaſt of all the Heauens reioyce,
Thou tun'ſt the heart-ſtrings of the higheſt voice.

Loue

She doth instruct the King in all his care,
Where Mercies Iustice beares a blessed sword:
She shewes the Peeres when they to counsaile are,
What fauour heauns the faithfull hearts afford:
She shewes the people the due loyaltie,
That Subiects owe vnto their Soueraigntie.

She makes the Courtier not misspend his time,
She bids the Souldiour spare the Innocent:
And the Diuine beware the Conscience crime,
And makes the Lawyer a good Student:
She makes the Merchant honest with his wealth,
And, labour keepe the labouring Man in health.

She teacheth euery Science, and each Art,
And shewes the Truth of euery Argument:
And makes distinctions vpon euery part,
And is of all the only Ornament:
She shewes the Student in Diuinitie,
Heauen with the world hath no Affinitie.

She feedes no fancie with an idle fashion,
Yet fashions all things in a comly frame:
She neuer knew Repentance wofull passion,
Nor euer fear'd the blot of wicked blame:
But euen and true what euer she intended,
Wrought all so well, that none could be amended.

The second daies worke.

She neuer whirles about an idle Wit,
Nor taketh pleasure in a wanton Eie:
Nor in the seate of pride did euer sit,
Nor from the poore did turne her hand awrie:
Nor maintain'd wealth with wretched Miserie,
Nor sought for honour by Indignitie.

No, no, that Man that would his Mistris make her,
That Woman that doth choose her for her Louer:
That Man, or Woman that doth only take her
For their best Loue, and in their hearts doe loue her:
In rauisht sweetnes of her Beauties Blisses,
Will dwell vpon her lips in louely Kisses.

She neuer yet did harme to any liuing,
Nor is there any good but that she doeth:
To euery soule she is her Comfort giuing;
And with her sweetnes so Affection woeth,
That they who could in Loues perfection proue her,
Would hate themselues, and if they did not loue her.

She laies the lines of life in Vertues loue,
Imploies the Minde in holy Meditations:
The hart, in study of the soules behoue,
The spirit, in Loues Contemplations:
The tongue, in speaking truth on euery part,
The soule, in prayer, for a faithfull hart.

She

The third daies worke.

Loue is the Essence of Eternitie,
That workes the course of Wisedomes carriage:
Where the high counsaile of the Deitie,
Twixt Heauen and Earth doe make a Marriage:
While in the life of Holines alone,
The Lord of Heauen, and his true Church are one.

It layes the plot, and drawes the lines of pleasure,
Within the ground of Graces Paradise:
It works the Truth, that is the spirits Treasure,
And builds the height of Honours Dignities:
It bends the Eies of Graces Royaltie,
And knits the hearts of Vertues Loyaltie.

It is no Obiect for an earthly Eie,
Nor any Muse for any worldly minde:
Although the world in true effects may trie,
It is a spirit of a powerfull kinde;
And such a power, as all powers doe submit,
To the Inuincible power of it.

It maketh Will doe only what it list,
While Wisedome guides the Axell Tree of wit:
And neuer feares the hurt of had I wist,
That sees a Crosse, and is content with it:
While patience findes the only faire perfection,
Of Fancies faith, in Honours true Affection.

It

The third daies worke.

It is a substance that admits no figure,
For in it selfe it breedes but of exceedings:
While in the Notes of pleasures truest Nature,
The fruites of Faith are Fancies only feedings:
While in conceite those high Contentments meete,
That happy soules are ravisht with the sweete.

To comprehend, it passeth Comprehension,
And to define, 'tis vndefinable:
And to describe, it doth exceede 'nuention,
And to conceiue, 'tis vnconceiuable:
Yet by the Vertue that our sence it gives,
Our Reason findes that in our soules it lives.

It is a fire that kindleth in the Eie,
It is an Aire that cooleth Furies heate:
It is a water that is neuer drie,
A Paradise, where growes the spirits meate:
Thus it partakes of euery Element,
Yet lives aboue the highest Firmament.

It is a thought begotten by a sight,
And 'tis a sight that liueth in the thought:
It is a life that breedeth in delight,
And a delight that life hath only wrought:
It is a word that by true spirits spoken,
Doth knit a knot that neuer can be broken.

Oh,

The third dayes worke.

Oh, how it doth a blessed Nature nourish,
And how it doth an humble spirit cherish:
And how it makes a faithfull heart to flourish,
And suffers not a Gratious soule to perish:
Witnes those hearts whose perfect spirits prove,
How loue in Wisedome, Wisedome liues in loue.

Fortune can neuer haue a force to foile it,
Nor feare to fright, nor enuie to anoy it:
Nor passion to hurt, impatience to spoile it,
Nor Death to kill, nor Deuill to destroy it:
But where all pleasures spring, and perish neuer,
Heere, or in Heau'n it hath a life for euer.

From the faire Brightnes of a Beautious Eie,
It caries honour to an humble hart:
And from the heart of Truthes Humilitie,
It gaines the comfort of a kinde desart:
And in true kindnes, that content alone,
That of two Bodies makes the Minde but one.

It brought downe Heau'n to Earth, brings Earth to (Heau'n,
It walks about the circle of the Sunne:
It makes the Planets keepe their orders eu'n,
And Nature kindly all her courses runne:
It sits vpon the holy seate of Grace,
And with the highest, hath the highest place.

It keepes all Order, Meaſure, Rule, and Right,
In Nature, Reaſon, Wiſedome, Wit, and Sence:
In word, and deede, and thought, by day and night,
In time and place, in Caſe, and Moode, and Tenſe:
Where all proportions are in ſuch perfection,
As ſhewes the depth of the diuine direction.

It makes the husband kinde vnto his wife,
The ſpouſe obedient to her faithfull pheere:
And in that kindnes that contentiue life,
That only doth but in that life appeare:
The Children gratious, and the Parents kinde,
And each in other what they wiſh to finde.

Brethren and ſiſters liue in Vnitie,
And Neighbours liue in friendly Neighbourhood:
And friends continue in true Amitie,
And ſtrangers vnto ſtrangers to doe good:
Princes in Peace, and Subiects liue in Grace,
And ſo the earth to proue a heau'nly place.

Oh, how it fights againſt infamous thought,
And kills the Nature of an ill coniecture:
How true it hath the life of Vertue taught,
And builds the height of Honours Architecture:
How little it regards all earthly toyes,
And ſurely leades the ſcule to endleſſe ioyes.

How

The third dayes worke.

How ſweetly on the Nurſes lips it lies,
While ſhe is buſſing of her little Baby:
And how it twinckles in the Infants eies,
In learning of his Chriſtes Croſſe, and his A B:
How cherry-red it dies a ſnowie white,
Where Maiden-bluſhes make a bleſſed fight.

Loue makes the Triumphes of the trueſt ioyes,
And ſounds the Trumpet of the ſweeteſt ſound:
Loue ſpeakes in hearts, and makes no idle noiſe,
But is in ſome of euery Grace the ground:
It is a Riddle aboue Reaſons ſence,
And of exceedings all the excellence.

It makes the thought, the word and deede all one;
It bindes the eye, the hand, and heart together:
It is in truth the only Tree alone,
Which keeps his greene where not a leafe can wither:
It is the Bird that only ſings in May,
And makes the holy ſpirits holy day.

It takes away the tedioufnes from time,
The paine from patience, in deſire delaies:
The feare from care, the hearts content to clime,
The ſloath from labour in his hardeſt waies:
The frailty from the Nature of Affection,
And folly from the paſſion of perfection.

IHS

The third daies worke.

It is a Vertue of that sacred sence,
In working wonders in the spirits power:
As in the height of Reasons Excellence,
Vpon the top of Truths eternall Tower:
Doth stand with such a Grace of heau'nly Glory,
As may be call'd the state of Wisedomes story.

And since it is so infinite in worth,
As doth exceede his penne of Reasons praise:
Who from the soule of Wisedome issues forth,
As from the Sunne his brightest shining Rayes:
Let me heere cease, and all in Admiration,
Leaue it to Wisedomes only declaration.

And since it doth in nothing more appeare,
Then in the Nature of true Constancie:
Which is a Vertue to the soule so deere,
As keepes the soule from Errors Extasie:
Let me a little speake of that sweet Nature,
Of Constancie that makes the Blessed Creature.

The

THE PRAISE OF Constancie.

The fourth daies worke.

O Constancie, thou only kingly thought,
That keepes the spirit in her purest kinde:
And hast against all idle frailty fought,
And like a Mountaine setlest fast the Minde:
Let me concreine some part of thy content,
Where pleasures spirit is most sweetly spent.

And although I cannot reach that Royall height,
Wherein thy sacred Maiestie doth sit:
Yet as a Seruant let me humbly waite,
To see thine honour, and to speake of it:
And so to speake, that all the world may see
Wisedome Loues, Honour only lies in thee.

The constant Eie hath neuer wandring sight,
The constant Eare hath no vnkindly hearing:
The constant Tongue doth euer speake aright,
The constant Heart hath euer happy cheering:
The constant Minde, the fairest thoughts vnfold thee,
The constant Soule on earth & heauen behold thee.

The fourth daies worke.

It neuer hath a thought of iealousie,
Nor stands vpon Opinions Paradox:
Nor runnes a fury into frenzie,
Nor feares the Wolfe, nor ioyneth with the Fox:
But like the Phœnix in a sunnie fire,
Findes lifes delight in ashes of desire.

It loues no change, and hates the ioy of choice,
It feares no fortune, nor it fosters no folly:
It keepes the Rule where Reason doth reioice,
And is the substance of contentment wholy:
It is a stay that strengthneth the Minde,
And knit the sences in a sacred Kinde.

It is the true foundation of all strength,
Which while it holds, the frame can neuer fall:
It is the line that drawes the longest length,
And euer is, that sees the end of all:
It keeps the Rules of the Heau'ns reuolution,
And doth confirme all Reasons resolution.

It is the locke vpon the heart of loue,
A Chest that keepes the treasure of the Minde:
Within the soule a Rocke that cannot moue,
A Band, that doth the thoughts together binde.
A light where Wisedome, Vertues honour seeth,
And life where only Grace with loue agreeth.

It

The fourth daies worke.

It keepes the Sunne in his continuall brightnes,
The ayre in coolenes, and the earth in dryneſſe:
Water in moiſture, and the winde in lightneſſe,
The fire in hotnes, and the flame in highneſſe:
The good in goodnes, and the kinde in kindnes,
The minde from madnes, and the eye from blindnes.

It was the mouer firſt of mariage,
And made the firſt continuance of content:
It ſet the courſe of Wiſedomes cariage,
And neuer further then affection went:
It is the ſtate of all perfections ſtay,
And Times all euerlaſting holy day.

It is the Crowne of Patience kingly care,
The ſeate where Mercy ſits in Maieſtie:
The Law wherein all bleſſed precepts are,
The fame of Loue, and league of Amitie:
The learning of the wiſeſt wits inſtruction,
And ſence of the moſt ſweeteſt thoughts conſtruction.

Aboue the Heauens it lieth with the higheſt,
And in the Heauens it dwelleth with the pureſt:
And to the Nature of the beſt the neigheſt,
And in the ſence of all conceites the ſureſt:
And in the Action of all Art the ſtrongeſt,
And in the length of Time, and Truth the longeſt.

It

It keepes the center of the earth from mouing,
The ſwelling Sea from paſſing of his Bounds:
The Rules of true perfection from Reproouing,
The health of Wiſedome from all follies Wounds;
The circle of the world in ſuch a frame,
That Admiration may commend the ſame.

Oh, how it writes the worthineſſe of thoſe,
That ſtroue for honour to the ſtroke of death:
And how without compariſon it ſhowes,
The mouth of Wiſedome bleſſed in her breath:
And how it makes the fame of them to flouriſh,
That with their Bounty vertuous ſpirits nouriſh.

It made the Mirror of all Martirdome,
And in the faithfull makes a Glorious fight:
And in the day of the Eternall doome,
It will be Gratious in all Glorious ſight:
Where hopes continuance in all kindnes care,
Brings humble faith to endleſſe happy fare.

And ſince it is ſo infinite a Grace,
As may deſerue as infinite a praiſe:
And is the fulneſſe of the faireſt place,
In all the walke of Wit, and Reaſons waies:
Where patience proues the beſt experience,
Let me a little ſing of Patience.

The

THE PRAISE OF Patience.

The fifth daies worke.

SWeete Patience thou ſoueraigne of perfection,
Of Gratious thoughts the only Gouerneſſe:
Who by the Rules of thy diuine direction,
Do'ſt bring the heart to higheſt Happineſſe:
My humble ſoule with thy ſweete loue enflame,
That I may ſing in honour of thy name.

The pureſt thought that euer heart poſſeſſed,
The cleareſt Obiect of the carefull'ſt Eie:
The preſent Medicine for the Minde diſtreſſed,
The only eaſe in euery Miſerie:
In all the proofe of Wits Experience,
In heart, and minde, and ſoule, is patience.

It puts off feare of Fortunes frowardnes,
And only reſts on Reſolution:
It wreſtles with the worlds vntowardnes,
And holds the ſtate of Reaſons Conſtitution;
It conquers Will, and ſo doth carie Wit,
That both are happy only but in it.

The fifth daies worke.

It breedes no wroth, nor moueth Enuies ill,
It breakes no concord, nor diſcention ſturres:
It learnes the ſpirit an eſpeciall skill,
Where Reaſons care Repentance not incurres:
And if Repentance, folly doe enforce,
It is a meane vnto a ſweet remorce.

It beareth want as if it were no woe,
And ſuffers wrong as if it had no ſence:
It ſwallowes ſorrow as it were not ſo,
And taketh Death for lifes Ingredience:
It neither feedes of fortune, feare nor fate,
But alwaies is all one in euery ſtate.

In time it keepes the compaſſe of the howre,
In action, order, meaſure, point, and place:
In thought, the temper of the ſpirits power,
In Wit and Reaſon all the Rules of Grace:
In Grace the ground of that perfections ſtory,
That goeth neere the height of Vertues Glory.

It makes the entrance into euery Action,
Continues the proceedings, makes the end:
It kils the Nature of vnquiet Faction,
And of a foe ſometime doth make a friend:
It doth conceale the hearts calamitie,
And makes a Vertue of Neceſſitie.

By

The fifth daies worke.

By Patience we doe our ſoules poſſeſſe,
And tread the path to our ſoules Paradice:
While the impatient in their ſoules diſtreſſe,
Headlong fall into their ſoules Miſeries:
It is a ſalue that healeth the ſoules griefe,
Sorrowes rankt poiſon, and the ſoules reliefe.

Patience doth try the Truth of euery thing,
Diſtills the ſpirits of the pureſt Natures:
Teacheth the Muſe her Muſique notes to ſing,
And findes the difference of all kindes of Creatures:
Giues bodies health, and makes the ſpirits diet,
And brings the ſoule vnto Eternall quiet.

It keepes the Husband chaſte vntill he marrie,
The Wife obedient to her Band of loue:
It makes the Mother for her Childe to tarie,
And Seruants waite for their Rewards behoue:
It makes the Sea-man tarie for a winde,
And poore men waite till richer men haue dinde.

It makes the wounded Man endure his dreſſing,
The ſicke Man ſee the looſing of his blood:
The poore Man beare the paine of his oppreſſing,
The good Man againſt euill to doe good:
The wiſe Man ſtudy for the ſtate of blиſſe,
The holy Man finde where all bleſſing is.

The fifth daies worke.

It keepes the King from thought of Crueltie,
The Noble Peere from Prides Ambition:
The Counsailour from all Impietie,
The Courtier from all ill condition:
The Church-man from the error of selfe-will,
The Lay-man from the exercise of ill.

By patience *Dauid* had a Princely fame,
And, *Iob* his patience hath a worthy praise:
But Christ his patience hath the Glorious name,
That euer liues to neuer ending daies:
Since then in God and Man it is so glorious,
Let it be held a Vertue all victorious.

In God it doth a worke of Mercy show,
In Mercy Comfort, and in Comfort Grace:
In Grace that loue from which that life doth flow,
That shewes where Patience hath a happy place:
Oh blessed Patience that in Man doth proue,
Gods Mercies comfort in his Gratious loue.

It brings the heart to Loues Humilitie,
Humility to Truthes simplicitie:
And simple Truth to Cares Tranquilitie,
And quiet Care to faith's felicitie:
And happy faith vnto that faireſt Bliſſe,
In which the faireſt of all Blessing is.

And

The fifth daies worke.

And since that in Humility I finde
True Patience hath her purest Residence:
And brings the heart, the spirit, and the minde
Vnto the height of Reasons Excellence:
Let me a little shew what Vertue saies,
In setting downe Humilities due praise.

THE PRAISE OF Humilitie.

The sixth daies worke.

OH the sweet sence of loues Humilitie,
Which feares displeasure in a deerest friend:
The only note of true Nobilitie,
Whose worthy Grace is graced without end:
While faithfull loue in humble Truth approued,
Doth euer liue of God and Man beloued.

Her Grace is Gratious in the sight of God,
Makes men as Saints, and women Angels seeme:
Makes sinne forgotten, Mercy vse no Rod,
And constant Faith to grow in great esteeme:
And is in some a Blessing of the Highest,
And to the Nature of himselfe the Nighest.

The sixth daies worke.

It maketh Beauty like the Sunne to shine,
As if on earth there were a heau'nly light:
It maketh Wit in Wisedome so diuine,
As if the Eie had Celestiall sight:
It is a Guide vnto that Hauen of Rest,
Where Blessed soules doe liue for euer blest.

In Christ it is a Grace of worthy Glory,
In Man from God, a gift of speciall Grace:
While in the state of Vertues honours story,
Wisedome doth finde it in perfections place:
And plac't so high in the Almighties loue,
As nothing more can Mercies comfort proue.

It makes the eye look downe into the heart,
The heart obedient vnto wit and sence:
And euery limbe to play a Seruants part,
Vnto the will of Wits preheminence:
It brings the Minde vnto the Body so,
That one the other cannot ouergo.

It is the death of pride, and patience loue,
Passions Phisician, Reasons Counsailour:
Religions Darling, labours Turtle Doue,
Learnings Instructer, Graces Register:
Times best Attendant, & Truthes best Explainer,
Vertues best Louer, and Louer truest Gainer.

It

The sixth daies worke.

It is the Princes Grace, the Subiects duty,
The Schollers lesson, and the Souldiours line:
The Courtiers credite, and the Ladies Beauty,
The Lawyers vertue, and the loue diuine:
That makes all fences Gratious in his sight,
Where all true Graces haue their Glorious light.

It makes the heart fit for all good Impression,
It doth prepare the spirit for perfection:
It brings the soule vnto her sinnes confession,
It helpes to cleare the body from infection:
It is the meane to bring the minde to rest,
Where heart, soule, body, minde, and all are blest.

It made the Mother of the Sonne of God,
Gratious in him who made her full of Grace:
And on her Sonne it blessedly abode,
In beating all the filthy worlds deface:
And in his Seruants for their Maisters loue,
Did Faiths affections in their passions proue.

It saued *Abrahams* Sonne from Sacrifice,
When *Isaaks* death was quitted by the Ramme;
It saued *Noah* and his Progenies,
Where on the earth destructions Deluge came;
It saued *Lot* from hurt of *Sodomes* fire,
And *Israel* from cruell *Pharaohs* ire.

It

The ſixth daies worke.

It wrought in *Dauid* Gratious penitence,
In *Niniuie* a ſweet ſubmiſſion:
In *Iob* a famous Bleſſed patience,
In *Paule* aſſurance of his ſinnes Remiſſion:
In *Iohn* the habite of a holy loue,
In Chriſt the Grace that did all Glory proue.

It euer holds the hand of faithfulnes,
And euer keepes the Minde of Godlines:
And euer brings the heart to quietnes,
And euer leades the ſoule to happines:
And is a Vertue of that Bleſſednes,
That merits praiſe in higheſt worthines.

Oh how it gaines the Childe the Parents loue,
The wife her husband, and the ſeruants Maiſters:
Where humble faith in happy hopes behoue,
Findes patience care, diſcomforts healing plaiſters:
And trueſt courſe of cares Tranquillity,
Only to reſt but in Humility.

And ſince that in the life of humble loue,
I ſee the way vnto the well of Bliſſe:
Where Patience doth in all perfection proue,
Where the high Bleſſing of all Bleſſings is:
Let my ſoule pray that I may humbly ſing,
The heau'nly praiſes of my holy King.

Of the infinite praiſe to the infinite glory of the infinite goodnes of the infinite God.

The ſeuenth daies worke.

O Glorious God, and God of only Glory,
Eſſence and ſubſtance of all excellence:
The proſid, the grace, the ſtate, & al the ſtory,
Of Vertues, Wiſedoms, Graces Reſidence;
Inſpire my ſoule with thoſe pure thoughts perfection,
That ſhew ſome ſparkle of thy loues affection.

And let me not preſume a looke too high,
Leaſt thou abridge the Bleſſing of thy loue:
Nor yet ſo low, let me embrace mine eyes,
As thy faire praiſes may vnfitly proue:
But ſo thy goodnes euery where to know,
That euery where I may thy Glory ſhow.

And though my ſoule polluted all with ſinne,
Vnworthy be of the leaſt thought of Grace:
Yet let thy Grace a Glorious worke begin,
Thy holy ſpirit in my heart to place:
That to the date of neuer ending daies,
My ſoule may ſing thine euerlaſting praiſe.

The ſeuenth daies worke.

Before there was a light, there was a light,
Which ſaw the world, the world could neuer ſee:
From which, the world receiues her brighteſt ſight,
And brightnes more then in the world may be:
Oh heauenly light aboue all earthly ſeeing,
Where only Vertue hath her only being.

From the faire Brightnes of this Beauteous light,
Hath Wiſedomes eye an only power to ſee:
The line of life that leades her ſpirit right,
Vnto the place where all perfections be:
Which in the worke of wonder doe approue,
The Gratious labour of a Glorious loue.

There Vertue doth in all her brightnes liue,
Spreading abroad the braunches of her Bliſſe:
As doth the Sonne his beames of brightnes giue,
While in himſelfe the only brightnes is:
Oh bleſſed light where ſuch a life remaineth,
As giues all light, and yet all light containeth.

There doth ſhe ſit, and ſweetly looke about her,
Beholding in the eye of Vertues light:
Purenes within, perfection all without her,
While in a brightnes farre aboue her ſight:
There liues a power her ſpirits lout inſpiring,
To frame a worke for wit and ſence admiring.

There

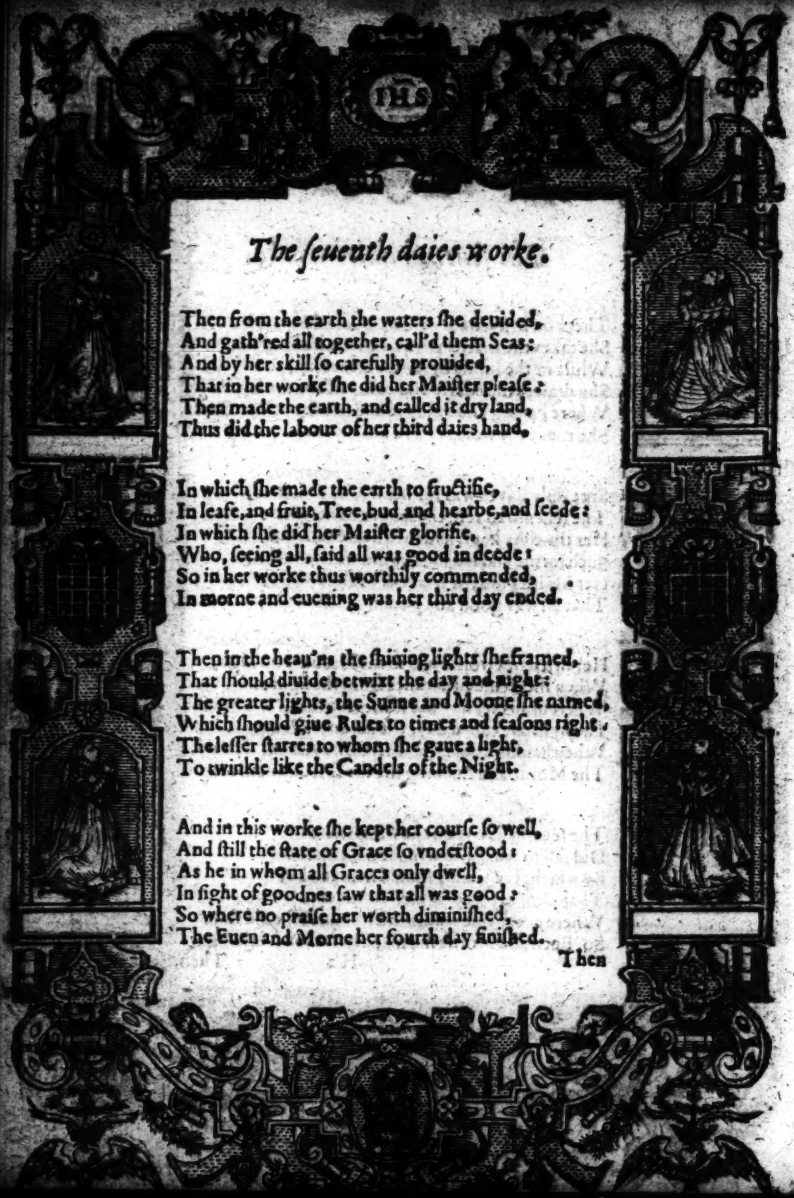
The seuenth daies worke.

There from a Chaos or Confuſions Map,
She takes the matter of her curious frame:
While in the limits of faire Vertues lap,
She drawes the courſe and compaſſe of the ſame:
Where hauing laide the ground-worke of her Grace,
She made the world vp in a little ſpace.

Since only dayes was for her worke ordained,
The ſeuenth to reſt, the labour of her loue:
Her time ſhe kept, and in her care retained,
Such forme and meaſure as did truly proue:
Her Maiſter taught her euery rule ſo right,
That all was good and pleaſing in his ſight.

Her firſt daies worke was in the Heauens on high,
When ſhe deuided darknes from the light:
Wherein all pleaſing the all ſeeing Eie,
The light ſhe called day, the darknes night:
When hauing heauen and earth of nothing framed,
The Morne and Euening ſhe the firſt day named.

The ſecond day vpon the waters, ſhe
Did fall to worke, and made a Firmament:
By which, the waters ſhould deuided be,
That were in this confuſed continent:
Where euery one within their bounds ſhould ſtay,
So, Euen and Morne ſhe made her ſecond day.



The ſeuenth daies worke.

Then from the earth the waters ſhe deuided,
And gath'red all together, call'd them Seas:
And by her skill ſo carefully prouided,
That in her worke ſhe did her Maiſter pleaſe:
Then made the earth, and called it dry land,
Thus did the labour of her third daies hand.

In which ſhe made the earth to fructifie,
In leafe, and fruit, Tree, bud and hearbe, and ſeede:
In which ſhe did her Maiſter glorifie,
Who, ſeeing all, ſaid all was good in deede:
So in her worke thus worthily commended,
In morne and euening was her third day ended.

Then in the heau'ns the ſhining lights ſhe framed,
That ſhould diuide betwixt the day and night:
The greater lights, the Sunne and Moone ſhe named,
Which ſhould giue Rules to times and ſeaſons right.
The leſſer ſtarres to whom ſhe gaue a light,
To twinkle like the Candels of the Night.

And in this worke ſhe kept her courſe ſo well,
And ſtill the ſtate of Grace ſo vnderſtood:
As he in whom all Graces only dwell,
In ſight of goodnes ſaw that all was good:
So where no praiſe her worth diminiſhed,
The Euen and Morne her fourth day finiſhed.

Then

The seuenth daies worke.

Then to the waters she her worke applies,
And made each mouing and each creeping thing:
And in the Heauen each feathered fowle that flies,
And euery Creature that doth earie wing:
When all seem'd good in her great Maisters eie,
Who bad them all encrease and multiplie.

Thus hauing wrought with infinite conceite,
The sundry forme and shape of euery Creature:
With such inuention as exceedes the height,
Of Wit and Reasons praises highest Nature.
While high perfection each proportion framed,
The Euen and Morning was her fift day named.

Thus when that her worke worke was almost done,
She hath her choisest worke to take in hand:
For which before the Model be begun,
She must vpon her Maisters counsaile stand:
How she may shape his loue, his liuely picture,
To haue his patience pleased in his Creature.

When hauing fauour in his high perfection,
With humble care a lump of clay she takes:
Of which, by Rules of his Diuine direction,
Vnto his Image perfect man she makes:
Who so in loue did to his liking fall,
That vnder Heau'n he made him Lord of all.

The seuenth daies worke.

Thus hauing made vp all her workmanship,
Within the limits of her fairest loue:
Where constant Truth could neuer take a trip,
While carefull Patience did perfection proue:
When all was good, in goodnes all enstalled,
The Euen and Morning she the sixt day called.

And seeking now her sacred thoughts to rest,
Vpon the Grace of the Eternall good:
She finder the Sabaoth by her Maister blest,
Who giues her spirits that especiall food,
That after all the labour of her daies,
Doth make her sing his euerliuing praise.

Which, as I finde, in her faire Musique sounding,
Although it be a Note aboue my reach:
Yet on the Grace of Vertue only grounding,
As her sweet spirits doth my spirit teach:
My humble soule shall straine my heart to sing,
The Gratious praises of my Glorious King.

O holy Essence of all holines,
Grace of all Glory, Glory of all Grace:
Perfections Vertue, Vertues perfectnes,
Place of all Beauty, Beauty of all place:
Truths only Triall, Times Eternitie,
Incomprehensible in thy Deitie.

Wise-

The seuenth daies worke.

Wisedomes deuiser, Father of her loue,
Constancies proofe, and life of patience:
Humilities Essence, Faiths true Turtle Doue,
Mercies Almighty Glorious Residence:
Sweet Iesus Christ, mine humble soule enflame,
To sing the Glory of thy holy Name.

Before what was, but that which euer is,
The Godhead all Incomprehensible:
Sweet Iesus Christ, the Essence of all Blisse,
But in his Manhood only sensible:
My Sauiours was, and in himselfe alone,
Containing all things, but contain'd in none.

The Nature of all Vertues in his Nature,
Had all their Essence of their only Being:
When in Creation of each kinde of Creature,
Wisedome in him had only all her seeing:
Whose loue in him that constant patience found,
That of her Grace and Glory was the ground.

His spotlesse Vertue all his life did proue,
In doing good to all, and ill to none:
His Wisedome did the Doctors wonder moue,
His loue the Touchstone of all Truth alone:
His Constancie euen to his dying hower,
Did shew his patience, had a heau'nly power.

And

And for the Note of his Humility,
His crosse bare witnes in his life and death:
Who bare all baseness Inciuility,
Yet neuer breath'd the smallest angry breath:
O glorious King that came from Heauen on high,
Vpon this earth for Beggers so to die.

His vertue in his will, his word doth show
His Wisedome in Election and Creation:
His loue, his Louers by his death doe know,
His Constancie, his patience confirmation:
His patience his humility did proue,
And all in some his Glory from aboue.

Whose Vertue such, as his that could not sinne?
Whose Wisedome such, as worketh Vertues will?
Whose loue is such, as Wisedome liueth in?
Whose Constancie doth shew such kindnes still?
Whose patience such, as did his passion show,
Or who so high, and euer brought so low.

What Vertue doth, his Wisedome doth expresse,
What Wisedome doth, his loue doth manifest:
What loue doth, doth his constancie confesse,
What Constancie doth, in his patience blest:
What Patience doth, Humility doth tell,
In him alone they all and only dwell.

Then let the vertuous for all vertue loue him,
And let the wise in Wisedomes loue admire him:
And let the constant in all kindnes proue him,
And let the patient patiently desire him:
And let the humble humbly fall before him,
And all together all in all adore him.

Oh that the world could see his vertues Beauty,
Or wit of man his Wisedomes Maiestie:
Or Loue could looke into his Constancie,
Or patience into his humility:
Then vice, not folly, frailty, rage, nor pride,
Should in the mindes of men so much abide.

His Vertue made the first perfections Nature,
His Wisedome made the forme of all perfection:
His loue did giue the life to euery Creature,
His Constancie the care of Loues direction:
His patience Medicine for all Miseries,
His humblenes the way to Paradice.

Would'st thou be perfect? in his vertue know it,
Would'st thou be vertuous? in his wisedome learne it:
Would'st thou be wise? in his loue only shew it,
Would'st thou be louing? in his life discerne it:
Would'st thou be constant? in his care conceiue it,
Would'st thou be patient? in his death perceiue it.

Would'ſt thou be humble in his lowlines?
Learne to ſubmit thy ſelfe to higher powers:
Would'ſt thou be bleſſed in his Bleſſednes?
Learne to beſtow the labour of thine howres:
Would'ſt thou be holy, and liue happy euer?
Liue in his loue, and thou ſhalt liue for euer.

The infinite good thoughts his vertue giueth,
The infinite good works his will perfecteth:
The infinite good life in his loue liueth,
The infinite loue his conſtancie effecteth:
Th'infinite conſtancie his patience proueth,
Doe humbly ſhew what infinitenes loueth.

Since Vertues (then) good thoughts are infinite,
And infinite is Vertue in good thoughts:
And infinite is Wiſedome in good wits,
And infinite is loue by Wiſedome wrought:
And infinite is conſtancie in loue,
Which infinitely patience doth proue.

In infinite Humility of hart,
Vnto the height of all Infinities:
In infinite perfection of each part,
That makes the infinite Diuinitie:
The Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt all three,
In one, one God, all infinite Glory bee.

The seuenth daies worke.

And since no heart is able to attaine,
Vnto his holy and eternall praise:
To whom alone doth duly appertaine,
The date of Glories neuer ending dayes:
When Angels in their Haleluiah dwell,
Let me but sing Amen, and I am well.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

TO ALL LEARned and vertuous Schollers, and gratious Students, honour and happines.

GEntlemen, I feare, this my mistermed piece of Poetry, in your true iudgements, will be subiect to the reproofe of errour; what is amisse, I humbly leaue to your correction, and what is otherwise, to your fauourable acceptation: and so, loath to be tedious in ceremonies, I rest affectionately to all good learning.

A friend vnowned.

Ben. N. Gent.